GIBSON'S VERY LATEST GIRL.

She's a Wee Thing, but She's Already Posing as a Gibson Type.

Gibson has a new girl.

This is precisely what might have been expected when you sit down to think about it.

Charles Dana Gibson and Irene Langhorne, the former the creator of "the girl" in current art and the latter one of the finest women of Virginia, were married in Baltimore two years or so ago.

Since that event the couple have been living very quietly in New York, entering into the artistic and social life of the city, yet so incognito, you might say, that few know where to find them. Their biographies are written often, but the two most concerned enter little into the sketches that are printed of them, these being little more than ecomiums upon the art of the one and upon the beauty of the other, with the actual facts left out.

Their home is where Mr. Gibson's work lies, in the Life building.

The Gibson girl came along in the first week in February. She is quite different from her previous types, and on looking over Mr. Gibson's work you are struck by the fact that he, an artist of such wide illustrative range, should have drawn so few babies. As Mr. Gibson is notorious for drawing those nearest him, he will undoubtedly place the girl in his next sketches.

Mrs. Gibson, the mother of "the girl," is one of the most attractive women, not only of the South, but of the world. Her figure is her distinguishing characteristic—until you know her. Then her talents enchain you. She is very tall, almost as tall as her big, reed-like husband, yet magnificently proportioned. "She is one of the biggest women I ever saw—yet she isn't stout, after all," said a girl admirer, trying to describe the full, graceful figure, which is the despair of those who would copy her. In features Mrs. Gibson is a blonde, and as Mr. Gibson also favors the blond type, it is not to be wondered at that young Miss Gibson is also blond—and curly.

MRS. CHARLES DANA GIBSON AND HER BABY.

Gibson's Brand New Girl and the Old One.

The name which Gibson will give his girl is not yet known. She is a newcomer, to be sure, but she may receive an old-fashioned name. "The Gibsons are so fond of the old Dana people—meaning the venerable Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Dana—that they will name the baby after old Mrs. Dana," wrote a relative of the family on the baby girl announcement cards.

But there are others besides "the Danas" after whom the Gibson girl might be named. Mrs. Gibson is one of six brothers and sisters who live near Charlottesville, Va., upon a grand old family plantation. There are Mrs. Perkinson, Miss Phyllis Langhorne and Miss Nannie Langhorne, and the boys are Harry and Keene.

The grandmother's name is "Nannie," so it is not impossible that Nannie—short for the family name of "Anna," held for generations by the Gibson family—will be bestowed upon the new girl.

Few begin life with an inheritance the equal of this Gibson girl. In dollars and cents there might not be an extravagant counting, although both the Gibson and Langhorne families are well placed. The latter is among the "F. F. Vs." of the South, and the Gibsons are of a good, aristocratic old family of Concord, N. H.

From her father the "Gibson girl" gets an immense stock of talent and a fine inherited modesty. When Gibson began, in 1889, he had a fine way of leaving his sketches at newspaper offices "to be accepted if agreeable." No name was attached to them, and after lying around for a few days waiting for an owner they were thrown away. He never called to claim or explain them. But one magazine—a comic one—saw merit in the line pictures of those men and women and used the pictures as fast as they came in, hoping meanwhile to find the author. One day a long, lanky, soft-eyed lad called and said: "I'm Gibson, the fellow that draws those girls. I was afraid they were no good, don't you know, so I sent them without a name." With this modest in-the-background opinion a little talen is bound to add to itself from its ever-observant meekness.

From her mother the Gibson girl gets the constitution of an athlete. Irene Langhorne was the finest horsewoman in Virginia. She could ride anything and across anything. She could also dance—dance out all the belles of Baltimore. But she has another talent, that of music. She is the owner of a magnificent voice that could easily take her upon the stage in opera.

Mrs. Gibson, by the way, is only twenty-five years old, though her powerful figure, her dignity and her beauty make her seem older. Indeed, she has been taken to be the senior of her husband, whose birthdays began four years before her own.

Mr. and Mrs. Gibson are a singularly loving couple. Since their marriage Mrs. Gibson has, it is complained, given up her old friends for her husband's, and at her mother's country place in Summer it is not her own friends she entertains, but those whom her husband has known for years.

So watched are the Gibsons and so eagerly is every word read about them, that last Summer an enterprising paragrapher, catching at insufficient straws, wrote that "the Gibsons have separated and Mrs. Gibson has gone home."

A friend in tears went over to call at the Langhorne home, but found Mrs. Gibson in smiles, clapping her hands. "My husband is coming to-day!" cried the enthusiastic young woman—"to-day, to-day! He is coming to-day!"

"But I heard you had separated from him?" gasped the friend.

"So I did—but only because he was called back to draw a picture. Oh, Kittie"—grasping the girl friend around the neck—"I'm so much in love that I'm ashamed of myself!"

The only inconvenient phase of the new Gibson arrival is the confusion which it will make in the theatrical world. "Gibson tableaux" are now the rage. But the rehearsals will have to begin all over again now, for the Gibson baby cannot be left out.

Meanwhile the name of "Schiller," so carefully embroidered upon a certain coverlid—after Mrs. Gibson's father, a veteran of the war—will have to be turned toward the wall.

AUGUSTA PRESCOTT.